THE Nation

VOLUME 147 NEW YORK • SATURDAY • AUGUST 6, 1938 NUMBER 6

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The Shape of Things

WE HAVE NOW BEFORE OUR EYES THE CLEAR outlines of Hitler's latest plot in Central Europe. Let us set them down without shadings so that we may see how things stand. Hitler has again prepared a "push" against Czechoslovakia. He let it be understood that it would be launched about the middle of this month. He gave the necessary substance to his threat by definite military preparations. According to *The Week* (London), fortifications along the Czechoslovak frontier of Austria have been all but completed; the Austrian end of the Vienna-Prague railway is under military control; great quantities of war materials have been pushed up to strategic points between Vienna and the frontier; several towns near the border are packed with troops. These reports, partly corroborated in the general press, should be considered in the light of the proclamation just issued by the German government declaring the entire western border of the greater Reich a "closed," which means a fortified, area. They go far to suggest an imminent thrust to the east, and an attempt to discourage attack from the west. (And is it wholly incredible that Japan's aggressive behavior on the Siberian frontier is intended to divert the Soviet Union from possible engagements in Western Europe?) Simultaneously the peripatetic Herr Wiedemann has been scuttling from Berlin to London to Paris to Berlin to London and back home again. The air around him has been thick with rumors of terms and pacts—even an air pact to quiet Britain's worst fears. But a quick and satisfactory settlement of the Sudeten issue is the price of any sort of Nazi "appeasement."

SO VISCOUNT RUNCIMAN HAS GONE TO Prague to carry out the toughest assignment in recent European diplomacy. His duty is to persuade the Czechoslovak government to yield to the major demands of the Sudeten Nazis and so, for the moment, to dull the appetite of Hitler. He is, in other words, the man in the back seat who throws out the baby just before the wolves catch up with the sleigh. The difficulty with the plan lies in the obvious fact that Czechoslovakia is a very tough

THE NATION, Published weekly at 20 Vesey Street, New York, N. Y. Entered as second-class matter December 13, 1897, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1938, by The Nation, Inc.

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baby—and will not willingly play the martyr's role, even if the idea is to dismember it bit by bit under the benevolent supervision of a British viscount. In these circumstances anything may happen. Germany may march in. Or Czechoslovakia may be forced to yield. But the chances seem to favor less drastic developments, at least in the next month. Negotiations over the nationalities statute will get under way, the accumulated grievances of the minorities will be laid at Runciman's feet, and a final show-down will probably again be postponed. After all, no one wants war.

✶

THE PROMISED BATTLE OF THE CENTURY between Arthur A. Morgan, the TVA's deposed director, and his former associates—Harcourt A. Morgan and David Lilienthal—has produced no crushing blows. Dr. Morgan has wilted into the featherweight ranks; his "revelations" before the Congressional committee investigating the TVA are for the most part the wretched details of life in a government bureau where divergent philosophies and perspectives are steadily at war. Yet beneath the layers of personal animus, of technical disagreement, of lost tempers and imagined grievances, one can detect recurrent and vital issues. Dr. Morgan's serious charge affects the whole structure of power policy. His contention is that in fixing "yardstick" rates for the sale of TVA power Mr. Lilienthal was bureaucratic, extravagant, and uninformed. He points disapprovingly to the fact that the TVA is still "in the red." He denounces what he regards as the TVA's inequitably low rates. To the extent that he failed to notify his codirectors when he finally established the rates, we believe that Mr. Lilienthal was guilty of a serious administrative blunder; but we share his conviction that his critics care less about the manner of fixing rates than about the rates themselves. And that brings us close to the heart of the controversy. Mr. Lilienthal's vision is of power sold ever more widely at decreasing rates; Dr. Morgan's allegiance is to "economy" and "fair competition" with private interests—even if this means higher rates. The first road leads toward expanding government ownership; the second leads toward a restricted program executed with meticulous regard for the feelings—and pressure—of the private utilities. We do not pretend that this is the single issue at stake in the TVA investigation but certainly it is fundamental.

✶

THE LOYALISTS' MILITARY OBJECTIVES IN their smashing drive on the sixty-mile Ebro front are twofold: to relieve pressure on Valencia and on Barcelona. The forced withdrawal of about 20,000 troops from General Franco's Valencia front is an indication of the initial success of the surprise attack. So far more than 25,000 rebel soldiers have been taken prisoner in the Ebro drive and the Loyalists have gained 386 square miles of territory. When Franco's troops finally rallied, the Loyalist forces were able to maintain their positions and even to continue their gains, though at a slower pace. As we write, the Loyalists are surrounding Gandesa, across the Ebro, and have seized large deposits of arms and munitions, for this small city, which was seized by Franco last April, had become the main basis of supplies for the rebel army in that important sector. This Loyalist offensive bears witness again to the efficiency of the government's military leaders. It appears to have been a thoroughly worked out plan by which the rebels were to be forced into the defensive. Valencia and Barcelona have in fact been relieved, and Franco has had to give up large and valuable territory. The attacking army consists of some of the government's best troops, which had been withdrawn into Catalonia when the fascists cut through to the sea at Vinaros. The sudden Loyalist advance toward Teruel, launched as we go to press, is the newest thrust in this rejuvenated campaign and may fatally divert Franco's troops from their defense of Gandesa.

✶

WHEN WILL THE VATICAN RESIGN ITSELF to the prospect of having to fight fascism as a last-ditch enemy, an enemy more implacable today than communism, that inveterate bugbear of the church? Reading the Pope's undiplomatically forthright attacks on Italy's new Aryanism, one might think the final breach imminent. But bitter as the Pope may feel, we cannot see him heading a crusade against the fascist threat to the Faith. For the Vatican has swallowed fascism, aside from its race intoxication, with little gagging; it has yielded much to Hitler, extolled the corporatism of Mussolini, and blessed the bombs of Franco. It has no quarrel with their social doctrine and asks at their hands only the right to continue teaching the young and the security of its possessions, hoping perhaps to ride out the storm of an era of dictatorships rather than court a social change that might doom it to slow decay. That Mussolini likewise takes the Pope's challenge lightly is indicated by the headlong manner in which he has flung back the gauntlet. Indeed, Il Duce seems more concerned about courting the intellectual opinion of the world than in humoring the Pope. Unlike Mad Adolf, he is sufficiently aware of the outrageousness of what he is doing to offer rationalizations, such as the remarkable citations of "racism" in the democracies published by his spokesman Virginio Gayda. Particularly Signor Gayda mentions "the ferocious Lynch Law" as an example of the rabid racism "in force in the whole territory of the Star-Spangled Republic." Thus what is in this country the most vicious and depraved form of lawlessness has become in Italy as well as in Germany a standard for judging official government policy.

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AT LAST THE AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION with its affiliated local societies has been effectively revealed to the public as a monopolistic trade association which seeks, in the supposed economic interest of its members, to dictate the conditions under which they shall do business. The charges brought by the Department of Justice against the society and its District of Columbia affiliate for attempting to ruin the cooperative medical service organized by federal employees will be warmly welcomed. Those who have tried to set up cooperative group-payment agencies know from bitter experience the methods used by the medical societies to frustrate them. Assistant Attorney General Arnold has done a great service by telling every newspaper reader in the country just what those methods are. The refusal of a Washington hospital to allow a Group Health Association surgeon to operate on a member who had been taken to the hospital with acute appendicitis is a sample of what has gone on. This exposure will greatly increase the already widespread resentment against the A. M. A. and encourage the public to insist on its right to devise the best ways of paying doctors of its own choice.

*

WHAT A FEW MONTHS AGO WAS CHIEFLY a campaign of terrorism against the Jews in Palestine is now war in the full sense of the word. The total failure of Britain's attempts to subdue Arab unrest was due in no small measure to its real fear of a pan-Arab revolt. Now the situation is completely out of hand. Retaliatory bombing by militant Jewish Revisionists has had the unfortunate effect of rallying the saner and more responsible elements among the Arabs to the support of their countrymen. Instead of a relatively small group of Arab terrorists, many of them tools of German and Italian propaganda, Palestine and Great Britain will now have to contend with the whole Arab race. The immediate effect will be a laming of Britain's influence in continental affairs through the necessity of keeping some of its ships and a considerable portion of its army outside of Europe. London's intervention in Czechoslovakia made it entirely too much the center of things in Europe to suit its fascist friends. Now Palestine opens up new possibilities. If London finds that it cannot carry out its plan of tripartite division of that turbulent country it may have no choice but to bow to the Arabs and stop further Jewish immigration. If so, it is the price Britain will have to pay for showing itself too weak and too vacillating to control the mandates entrusted to it.

*

WHEN HOLLYWOOD THROWS ITS ARMS around its critics, as Will Hays did in welcoming the government's anti-trust suit, it is probably looking for a likely spot to plant a knife. Evidence is accumulating to support this suspicion. Shortly after Mr. Hays had bestowed his blessing on the suit, the Hollywood *Reporter* and other journals closely identified with the industry indiscreetly shouted what the producers were really thinking; in truculent front-page editorials they assailed the government, applauded the film magnates, and expressed Hollywood's satisfaction with itself. Now 300 producers, distributors, and exhibitors are launching a more amiable and deceptive phase of the same attack. They will spend $1,000,000 to remind a faithless public that "Movies Are Your Best Entertainment." This campaign will stud the advertising columns of newspapers throughout the country; but its potentialities are a good deal more ominous than the usual air-attack unleashed by industries under fire. For the fate of Hollywood's product is intimately and uniquely dependent upon the congeniality of the press. This advertising outlay is not merely a covert demand for sympathetic editorial treatment of the industry and for detailed news accounts of the onset of Shirley Temple's adolescence. It is a subtle warning to independent movie critics that they are no longer to call a super-colossal a bore.

1914 and Today

WHETHER for better or worse, the world in 1938 is well supplied with prophets of disaster. *The Nation* itself may be counted among this gloomy company, though we find ourselves searching, along with omens of war and chaos, for small portents of sanity. Such, we believe, is the prevailing pessimism itself; the awareness of peril that prevails throughout the world. Fear may not be among the nobler emotions, but it induces ordinary men to keep a wary eye on their rulers, to ask inconvenient questions in their legislatures, to threaten reprisals at the polls. And if, in the end, they are led to the slaughter, they go with their eyes open and their minds relatively free of hokum.

In 1914, pessimism and suspicion were not common possessions. The causes of war piled higher and higher, plots and counterplots were hatched in diplomatic darkness, and war broke on an unprepared world. Not only were the people taken unaware but so were the leading journalists and even many of the statesmen of the countries chiefly concerned. An editorial in *The Nation* for July 2, 1914, on the murder of the Austrian Archduke at Sarajevo points out that "the real concern of the European chancelleries" was more with the "personal and dynastic changes which may follow in Vienna than with any possibility that Austria will be shaken out of her orbit. . . ." In the issue of July 16, one week before Austria's ultimatum to Serbia, not a word appears concerning the growing European tension. Two editorial paragraphs discussed Bryan's "peace treaties" with a wide range of countries, including France and Great

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Britain; a news note mentioned the difficulties experienced by Prince William of Wied as the Mpret of Albania. And that is all.

The issue of July 23 carried several comments and news notes on Europe which indicate what events seemed journalistically important just two weeks before the Continent blew up. Ambassador Jusserand laid before President Wilson the view of the French government on the Mexican situation; Mme. Caillaux went on trial for the murder of the editor of *Figaro;* President Poincaré paid a state visit to the Czar; the British King "commanded" a conference on the Ulster question; and a French correspondent is said to have described Albania as the last remaining *enfant terrible* in Europe, playing the role previously taken by Bulgaria and by Greece.

When the war broke it washed over successive walls of disbelief and ignorance. *The Nation* noted first the indications that Austria-Hungary had long harbored aggressive intentions against Serbia; it noted next that the failure of the German Emperor to prevent the war when he could have done so proved his intention to seize the moment and make his great try for the hegemony of Europe; it noted Sir Edward Grey's belated revelation in Parliament of the Anglo-French agreement which committed Britain to the support of France. Week by week new facts emerged and were put into the record, facts previously unknown to the most informed persons.

Today the situation is different. We know far more than we knew in July, 1914; and what we do not know, we suspect. The maneuvers of the powers are reported at length and honestly, at least in the countries that enjoy a free press. The experience of 1914 is still fresh enough to provide a background of disillusionment. Millions of people have learned to greet with contempt the shameless pretenses of "non-intervention" in Spain, and to understand the unavowed purposes of the Anglo-Italian pact. They know, too, that behind these obvious stratagems lie other less conspicuous plans and arrangements; but it is something to know that much is being concealed. With the worst intentions in the world, the statesmen and diplomats are forced to take into account the attitude of a public that demands reasons and information.

But mere knowing is not enough. We may know that "non-intervention" in Spain is a sham, but such knowledge does not force an honest policy; we may suspect that Chamberlain has up his sleeve a formula of evasion in case he needs to put the pact with Italy into operation before a "settlement" is made in Spain, but it takes more than suspicion to prevent his carrying out his purposes. And in this critical moment we may know that Viscount Runciman has gone to Prague to try to bring about suicidal concessions to Hitler, but only the Czechs can thwart his plans. Insight alone will not prevent war. Only if we can translate our knowledge into power and our suspicions into action is there hope of checking the advance of fatal events. Even today British labor could convince Chamberlain that a tolerable peace is not to be won by sacrificing Europe to fascism. French labor could still make it impossible for Daladier to tie the fortunes of France to the pro-Nazi maneuvers of the British right. If they fail to do so in time, disaster will come not as the result of a lack of knowledge, as in 1914, but because those who know are divided and morally disarmed.

Two Herald Tribunes

BY THIS time it is probably laboring the point to demonstrate that the effect of advertising on a free press is frequently unhealthy if not downright lethal. Nevertheless, when we come across a spectacular display of the phenomenon it is hard to resist mentioning it. The case in point is that of the European edition of the New York *Herald Tribune,* published in Paris. As the only American journalistic fare to be had on the continent, the *Herald* is addressed primarily to tourists, and its advertising columns abound in glamorous invitations to visiting Iowans and New Yorkers to move on to the gay spas of Naziland and the hot spots of Rome.

We believe we are not leaning over backward when we say that the New York *Herald Tribune* is anti-fascist, that it sees little good in Mussolini and still less in Adolf Hitler. But that is New York, where anti-fascist feeling runs high, and where advertisers lose no sleep over what a paper's readers think of those two gentlemen or whether they fear there will be a war. Europe is another story—and the contrast between the Ogden Reid of New York and the Ogden Reid of Paris on the subject of fascismo is remarkable to behold.

Consider the case of Hitler's annexation of Austria. Out of the American corner of his mouth on March 16 Publisher Reid let out this blast:

> Nations don't change their souls so swiftly. . . . But Hitlerism is the one perfect symbol of that Devil which Democracy rose in its might to slay. In his train marches every narrow prejudice, of race against race, religion against religion.

But out of the French corner came soft words:

> Dr. Schuschnigg far underestimated the sentiment for Nazism. His hastily called plebiscite undoubtedly would have led to scenes of great disorder which might have defeated its very purpose.

Similarly while the New York paper's own correspondent, Ralph Barnes, virtually broke the story of the German army purge, its Paris counterpart blandly denounced as "criminals" the reporters who had indulged in "these falsehoods" about Germany, whose "Propaganda Ministry has now given the lie to every one of these rumors."

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But it took the Nazi program for popularizing cheap automobiles to extract from the Paris *Herald* its full measure of eloquence and to show how far it has strayed from even that libertarianism which the New York paper affects in its war on Roosevelt "regimentation":

> It is the realization of a government plan of this kind for the welfare and happiness of a nation which ultimately will tell in favor of a political regime. . . . When every German family . . . will have its automobile, thanks to the enterprise of the Nazi government, it is conceivable that even the most democratic in the democratic countries will find it hard to resist the doubt whether liberty is the only boon to be desired in this world.

This from an adjunct of the paper which shudders lest a materialistic America sell its birthright for a mess of New Deal pottage, the paper which has given us those liberty-loving, security-spurning, individualistic twins, Dorothy Thompson and Walter Lippmann!

Bloody Harlan Reforms

AFTER nearly three months and an expenditure of more than $300,000 the farmer jury in the Harlan conspiracy trial reported itself in hopeless deadlock, the evidence of ears and eyes apparently offset by class bias, appeals to prejudice, fear of the C. I. O., and warnings of "Rooshian" influence. However disappointing the mistrial, and however appalling the government's prospect of having to reassemble its hundreds of witnesses and to rebuild its case for a new trial, much good has been accomplished. Harlan will never be quite the same again.

In the Kentucky coal country the Roosevelt Revolution is more than journalistic hyperbole. Harlan has seen its coal barons in the prisoner's dock. Harlan in 1938 is a revelation of how far, for all the twistings and turnings, the United States has traveled under the New Deal. Bloody Harlan won its name in 1931. In February of that year a 10 per cent pay cut was ordered. Angry miners struck and marched from mine to mine "for the speakin'." The United Mine Workers sent organizers into the county. The response of the Harlan County Coal Operators' Association was swift and brutal. In May deputies fought a battle with striking miners in the streets of Evarts. There were mass meetings, publicity, and protest, but nothing came of them. A dozen miners were killed, two reporters shot, a strikers' relief kitchen blown up; a department-store owner who gave a truckload of food for hungry miners' children was forced to flee from a charge of criminal syndicalism. Seven union leaders were sentenced to life imprisonment as a result of the Battle of Evarts; four of them are still in jail.

But 1938 is not 1931. During the last few years the operators rather than the miners have been on the defensive. Since 1936 three separate governmental agencies in turn have kept the story of capital's lawlessness in Harlan County almost continuously before the public. The eleven weeks of trial in London, Kentucky, under the threat of severe penalties, with the Department of Justice and its famous Federal Bureau of Investigation laying the groundwork for a new method of enforcing the Wagner Act, were only the culmination of months of hearings by the La Follette committee and the National Labor Relations Board. The revelations have evoked so much horror that one has tended to forget the cardinal fact that this time the operators were in the prisoner's dock, a government friendly to labor in power. While the trial was under way the Circuit Court of Appeals at Cincinnati upheld the Labor Board decision ordering the Clover Fork Coal Company to reinstate sixty miners discharged for union activity and pay them $100,000 in back wages. Last month the board handed down a decision against the Harlan Fuel Company whose president distinguished himself by personally leading the armed band which drove union organizers out of company-owned Yancey, Kentucky, some years ago. The continuous barrage of publicity and punitive action has had its effect. In Harlan County, where the coal operators own the government, where tear gas, dynamite, and guns spitting death from ambush so long kept out the union organizer, the U. M. W. A. now has an office. Ten of the forty-two mines in the county have signed contracts with the union. Its field workers travel in comparative safety. The spectacle of sixteen corporations, eighteen mine executives, and twenty-two deputies on trial is one that Harlan will not soon forget. That the charge should be conspiracy to deprive miners of their right to organize is little less than revolutionary change in Harlan.

The setting of the Harlan trial was as lawless as the deeds placed on the record. One defendant was killed, a government witness shot, the home of another witness dynamited. The deputies that went "thuggin'," the night fusillade that killed Bennett Musick, the woman who was offered $100 a head to lure union men into the woods do not seem as bizarre in Harlan as elsewhere. But the miner who might have had medical care to save his baby if he hadn't joined the union is no extraordinary figure. Conditions in Harlan can be duplicated, though perhaps in less sensational form, wherever worker or tenant in field or factory is at the mercy of great landed or industrial interests. The absentee capitalists—U. S. Steel, Mellon, Ford, International Harvester, Peabody—that provide the background of the Harlan picture are familiar obstacles to social reform. The New Deal, by reviving the 1870 Civil Rights Act, is welding a new weapon against them, and though the Supreme Court once declared the act unconstitutional it is not likely to do so again. Like Harlan's coal operators, the justices, too, have been chastened.

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California's Blackshirts

BY PAUL Y. ANDERSON

Washington, August 1

MY attention has been called to a shocking condition in the San Joaquin Valley of California, where more than 150,000 migratory farm workers and fruit pickers are held in a state of virtual peonage seven months of the year, housed in shacks which hogs would disdain to occupy, paid incredibly low wages, robbed at company stores, and cheated and exploited in just about every way that a combination of greed and ingenuity can devise. On numerous occasions during the last three summers, including this one, when these workers attempted to organize and strike for better treatment they were brutally beaten by deputy sheriffs and town hoodlums armed with pick handles and billiard cues, their leaders jailed on "open" charges and systematically harried from town to town by accommodating policemen, district attorneys, and judges. The employers' organization responsible for these outrages is the Farmers Alliance, dominated by Italian-American grape growers.

If this picture bears a fascist color it is no mere coincidence. There is a film in existence which shows the beating of a crowd of farm workers near Bakersfield, and the assailants are led by three men wearing the fascist blackshirt uniform. That isn't all. There are dozens of photographs showing similar scenes around Fresno and other towns, and in them can be identified members of the Italian consular service in California. That still isn't all. There is other documentary evidence which appears on its face to link the Italian consul's office in San Francisco with the activities of the Farmers Alliance, and there is almost unlimited evidence to show that members of the alliance have been systematically impressed with the advantages of fascist methods in breaking up labor organization among the farm workers. I only mention in passing that on one vast grape farm the sole adornment on the wall of each worker's shack is a poster picture of Mussolini.

Another aspect of the matter seems especially grave and disturbing. I am informed that all the foregoing evidence was duly tendered to officials of the Federal Bureau of Investigation in San Francisco and Los Angeles and that exactly nothing resulted from the offer. I have no means of knowing whether J. Edgar Hoover was told about it, but he would be well advised to busy himself before the evidence gets into the hands of the Senate Civil Liberties Committee—otherwise he might find his uninterrupted succession of glorious triumphs sullied by what could turn out to be an extremely unpleasant scandal.

The San Joaquin Valley is about 275 miles long and averages some forty miles in width. The big crops are grapes, peaches, apricots, nectarines, and cotton. Probably 90 per cent of the work of harvesting these crops is performed by migratory workers. At least half of these people are former farm owners who, along with their farms, were blown out of the Oklahoma, Arkansas, and Texas dust bowls. They travel in ten-dollar jalopies, carting their women and children along. Because three weeks is a long spell of work to find in one place, they have no homes. Hence they have no votes and are ineligible for relief. No home, no vote, and no money means another thing—no friends. Before someone rises to remark that they are lucky to find enough work in the San Joaquin and Imperial Valleys to support themselves, let me point out that without them those lush valleys would soon revert to desert. Absolutely no other type of labor is available to harvest those valuable crops. The Mexicans and Filipinos fled from the San Joaquin three years ago: couldn't endure the low standard of living. Only a 100 per cent American can stand the gaff there.

Fruit pickers and cotton pickers are paid by quantity. Grapes pay the best. A good grape picker can make $1.25 a day. Earnings in the other crops range from seventy-five cents to a dollar a day. Out of this comes twenty-five cents a day for rent. A "model cabin" can be erected for $18.75, but practically none exist. The typical migratory worker's accommodation consists of a tar-paper shanty with no plumbing and no floor. He must furnish his own blankets and rustle his own firewood. At the very large ranches he buys his groceries from the company store, and the prices are high. Thinning peaches is another important job, for which top pay on all ranches but one is $1.25 a day—from which ninety-five cents is subtracted for board. The children in these wretched families seldom are able to obtain any schooling, and their mortality rate is appalling.

Self-organization is the inevitable answer to such conditions, and in the summer of 1936 the Migratory Workers Protective Union was formed. It is a very loose body, affiliated with neither the C. I. O. nor the A. F. of L. and levying no dues. Indeed, it practically exists as an underground organization similar to those in Italy and Germany. Its governing body is a Committee of One Hundred whose members keep in touch by mail. The appearance and activities of the union provoked

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the Farmers Alliance to drastic measures. It has an "Action Committee," headed by Anthony Guasti, wealthy grape grower, and in virtually every county in the San Joaquin Valley this committee is able to command the immediate services of numerous deputy sheriffs. Between July and October of last year a remarkable series of traffic accidents befell members of the union's Committee of One Hundred. I am told that exactly thirty-six of them were run down and killed by automobiles on the road! In the case of one member, Alexander Templeton, peace officers explained that he was lying in the road drunk. This was strange to his fellow unionists, who knew him as a Baptist lay preacher from Oklahoma and a rabid prohibitionist. Gordon Brett, a fellow member, demanded that an autopsy be performed. Brett was arrested and lodged in the county jail at Fresno. Four days later he was released and informed that the authorities, moved by a Christian determination to give Templeton decent burial, had cremated the body.

Judges in the San Joaquin Valley have a tidy little device for keeping the migratory worker on the move the minute he is no longer needed. If the picking in a certain region is finished and the workers are slow in clearing out of their miserable camps on the ranches they are arrested and charged with vagrancy. The judge gives each "a floater." That is, he imposes a fine and suspends it on condition that they leave town for a fixed period of time. The period is made to expire with the opening of the next picking season. Otherwise the migratory workers might make a nuisance of themselves by starving to death and cluttering up those beautiful fruit farms with their carcasses.

Why the Department of Justice and the State Department should be interested in the documentary and photographic evidence to which I have alluded seems plain enough. But if they want another incentive they may have it. The members of the Farmers Alliance have been thoroughly indoctrinated against the New Deal. It is no accident that the shacks are decorated with a picture of Il Duce—not Roosevelt. Finally, when the investigators get started they might do well to inquire into the banking relationships of the Farmers Alliance.

The Annenberg Race Tip Empire

BY F. B. WARREN

II

IN my preceding article I described the workings of the poolroom betting game, a billion-dollar industry with more than a million steady participants and with roots sunk in hundreds of communities in every part of the United States. What integrates and makes possible this far-flung empire of profits? The answer lies for the most part in the services of one agency—an agency which, whatever the uses to which it is put, breaks no laws, is in itself completely legal. At its head is Moses L. Annenberg. He is the man who was far-sighted enough to make an arrangement with all the major tracks in the country whereby all their information service became the exclusive property of his racing-news distribution service. He is also the man who developed that mass of minutiae which is known as the "racing journal" and which is indispensable to poolroom betting.

Annenberg is both a man and a series of companies or corporations. His companies operate directly or by relays in all states of the Union. He is a quiet, soft-spoken man in his middle fifties, owner of the powerful Philadelphia *Inquirer,* a daily and Sunday newspaper, for which on August 1, 1936, he paid $15,000,000 in cash. It is the unit of his holdings in which Annenberg has made his largest single investment. Until November, 1937, he was owner of the Miami, Florida, daily and Sunday *Tribune,* for which he had but recently completed a new $300,000 plant equipped with more than $500,000 worth of new machinery and color presses. It had been reported for some time that he was interested in buying out his rival daily, the Miami *Herald,* for purposes of consolidation. Frustrated in this, he disposed of his Miami *Tribune* overnight to publishers from Akron, Ohio, for an undisclosed amount, apparently taking as partial consideration one of the Akron buyer's chain, the daily *Independent,* in Massillon, Ohio. Philadelphia and Massillon, therefore, are now the only two cities in which he operates the conventional type of daily newspaper. His magazines are the multi-colored *Radio Guide, Screen Guide, Official Detective Stories,* and *Click*—all produced in a Chicago plant. They have large circulations, and, as all but the last title indicate, are designed for specific reader-groups.

None of them, however, are an index of the Annenberg importance. None of them as yet have made any real contribution to the vast Annenberg fortune. That fortune stems largely from the publication of racing journals and the maintenance of a national leased wire service which furnishes information as to betting odds and pay-off prices, widely used by operators of poolrooms. Annenberg neither owns nor operates poolrooms, but his publications and other services having to do with racing and betting are sold, licensed, and otherwise of-

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fered to poolrooms, making it possible for such places to operate more effectively; and for gathering, collating, and distributing such service the Annenberg ventures have reaped and continue to reap a fabulous income. This racing-publishing network has a multiplicity of remarkable functions and objectives.

First, there is the New York *Morning Telegraph,* a seven-day morning publication. Counting its various incarnations, it is more than 100 years old. The Annenberg-owned *Telegraph* of today, selling at a quarter a copy, prints twelve or more pages of complex, copyrighted racing charts, tipster and handicapper selections, and a scant two pages of news. Since all racing and gambling addicts may not be able to afford a 25-cent daily there is a skimpier 10-cent daily called the *Racing Guide,* which is issued from the *Telegraph's* plant. It contains an abridged type of chart, betting odds, and tipster selections, but lacks the voluminous data on the "past performances" of the horses scheduled to run. The player or bettor has to turn to other publications for that.

Racing Form is the major Annenberg track publication. It is not one newspaper; it is *seven.* In identical format, and without the aid of matrices or electrotypes supplied from any central source, it is produced in its entirety six days each week in six cities of the United States and one in Canada. New York, Chicago, Miami, Houston, Los Angeles, Seattle, and Toronto each has its own building, plant, and mechanical and editorial equipment and personnel. At each point of publication the advertised price per copy is 25 cents, but at more distant points it sells often for as high as 50 cents per copy. So carefully is its distribution guarded and controlled that its retail outlets usually could sell a few more copies than are supplied. This has the effect of making the hydra-headed publication virtually a sell-out, which means immunity from the huge waste and loss which other publishers incur by the acceptance and crediting of returned unsold copies. The income of the seven-edition, seven-city *Racing Form* is such as to stir the dreams and whet the envy of the publishers of conventional newspapers. But their dreams are futile. They could not compete with the Annenberg chain singly or in coalition. It would cost millions, and they could not duplicate Annenberg's copyrighted charts. Usage over more than two decades has established the eye-acceptance as well as the content of Annenberg's charts, so that no other type of record could or would serve the racing addicts' requirements.

Paralleling the 25-cent *Form* in Chicago is the Annenberg-owned, pink-paper daily Chicago *Telegraph* at 10 cents a copy, similar to his *Guide* in Manhattan. In Los Angeles his local *Telegraph* at 10 cents a copy is the running mate of his 25-cent *Form.* Thus in three centers of mass population, Annenberg has discouraged competition by serving each grade or class of reader-addict.

Supplementing all of the dailies so far mentioned there is a large format six-day daily published in Cincinnati under the name *Daily Racing Record.* It is published by the Cecelia Company. This is the same company that on August 1, 1936, was revealed as the corporate structure through which Annenberg purchased the Philadelphia *Inquirer.* Included in this property are twelve daily publications advantageously spotted over the map to solve the problem of swift, effective, and timely distribution. These papers, or at least one unit thereof, reach every town or area where there are bettors patronizing local poolrooms in ample time to enrich the prospective player's track knowledge for the day and to give him tips, advice, handicaps, weights, and riders.

A substantial percentage of the poolrooms' habitual patrons are too poor to pay, or are simply averse to paying, for the Annenberg publications. This element expects the poolrooms to maintain a supply of these dailies for them just as saloons in the old days supplied free lunch to their "regulars." Therefore the poolroom operator must put in a supply of "house copies." Without them the volume of play in his poolroom might be reduced by as much as a third. The players who read these papers have several hours to study and absorb all the "dope" and reach decisions as to which tips to take.

There are millions of American men and women who have never seen a professional racing paper and to whom the textual and tabular content of such journals would be as unfathomable as are Babylonian or Chaldean hieroglyphs. The *Racing Form,* most representative of the Annenberg daily journals, is five columns wide, a bit larger than the conventional two-cent news tabloid. It averages from 28 to 40 pages, depending on the number of race tracks in operation on a given day. Its major front-page dispatches concern races that are being held on the date of issue, with less space devoted to those races that were run the preceding day. In a 28-page paper of 140 total columns such news content may occupy an aggregate of 12 to 16 columns, leaving the remaining 124 columns for tipster selections and charts.

These give the results of the previous day's races at all tracks, and then list for each race the entrants that will go to the post that day at every track throughout the nation. "Past performances" for all the horses in their last six to ten races follow, providing the bettors with a picture that is almost photographic as to the qualifications and achievements of every entrant. The addict learns from this for what distances his personally fancied contestant seems to run best, how well or how badly he performs under varying weights, what horses he has run in front of or behind in preceding races, what jockeys, good or bad, have ridden him, and whether they finished first, second, third, or eleventh. He reads what the track conditions were in past races—fast, dull, muddy, or

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heavy. He can determine thereby whether the animal is a good or indifferent runner on a muddy or dry track. He can see whether he is a quick or a slow starter, whether he is a good stretch runner and finisher, or tires and drops out of the running.

From the charts the bettor can tell where his horse was at every stage of the running in previous races. These positions are noted at the track, called and recorded by a crew of trained observers, and worked into the charts. Chief of the crew is the expert with field glasses who watches every phase of the running. As the barrier is sprung he calls to his sheet-writing clerk or aide which horses got away first, second, third, etc. He repeats this "call" at the various stages or fractional mile posts. From his post he cannot possibly identify all the horses running at the far side of the track by any physical characteristics or markings of the animals. He distinguishes each horse by the colors of the owning stable, which are worn by the jockey, and with lightning rapidity and uncanny memory converts a color into a name for his clerk. Of the current crop of such "calling" experts, men like C. J. ("Chuck") Conners and Lincoln Plaut, to name but two of the Annenberg employees, and David Leighton, who performs a similar service at certain tracks for the Associated Press, rate among the miracle men of their craft. All important tracks today utilize one type or another of high-speed cameras with which the result at the finish line is photographed. This has not supplanted and will not supplant the professional "caller." Racing patrons do not concede after several years of the use of cameras in recording finishes that they equal or excel the work of these living observers.

Thousands upon thousands of races run in America have been observed under field glass and "called" only by Annenberg experts. For twenty years his men have been making this highly technical and completely individualistic tabular record of races. Each chart is individually copyrighted, and violation of these copyrights is dangerous. If any rival printed a chart of a race showing horses exactly the same distance apart and running the same distances from each other at various stages of the race as an Annenberg chart, it could only be because the newcomer or his employees had filched the chart called and made by an Annenberg employee. No two pairs of human eyes could ever see a horse race with precisely the same distances between contenders.

Even this statistical material is not all there is to the racing paper. At every track trainers and owners hold early morning workouts of their horses. An effort is made always to cloak these workouts with as much secrecy as possible. An owner or trainer does not want the public to know that he has a particularly swift horse that has not yet proved itself in public tests; he may not want anyone to know that one of his proved horses that went stale is again rounding to top form. A surprise or unexpected win means a long price. An important person in the racing field is the "clocker," whose job it is to be present at any and all hours after daybreak, to sit at a point of vantage, split-second stopwatch in hand, and clock and record all workouts. His reports are dispatched by telegraph to the Annenberg base points and rewired over the leased network to all the chain's publications.

All of this informative material is compiled, grouped, and transmitted by telephonic and telegraphic circuits with amazing speed and accuracy between noon (Eastern Standard Time) and five or five-thirty (Pacific Coast Time) each afternoon so that the next day's racing journals may go to press by seven in the evening, be on the streets locally by eight, and rushed by motor trucks to railway stations and post offices for zonal distribution. Failure of these bundles to arrive in a major city such as Cleveland, Pittsburgh, or Kansas City is a calamitous event. Fortified with "the dope," the bettor possesses confidence; denied it, he is pitting ignorance against the minutely informed bookmaking brotherhood.

In no Annenberg-owned publication is any reference ever made to the leased-wire news and poolroom news transmission system embracing in different areas the General News Bureau in Chicago, Nationwide News Service, operated also from Chicago, but with important base and news-disseminating facilities in New York, and the Ohio Nationwide News Service, which supplies service to poolrooms and other outlets within that state and adjacent areas. Their activities are never the subject of publicity. The youngest member of the Annenberg wire-service family is a wired-radio organization known as Teleflash, and it is something of an exception on this score. It is liberally advertised in his New York *Telegraph* as a disseminator and distributor of sporting news and bulletins for restaurants, cafes, saloons, and even for private offices, homes, clubs, etc. The records of the New York Police Department show dozens of seizures of Teleflash machines and of their ultimate return to the telephone company from which the Annenberg interests lease or rent them. No records exist outside the Teleflash organization to indicate how many of these instruments are in service in Greater New York. Apparently there are hundreds of them, but energetic police measures are now driving them out of barrooms.

The weekly rentals paid by bookmakers to Nationwide and Ohio Nationwide News Services reach an aggregate that would not be looked upon disdainfully by the Maharajahs of the richer native states of India. My own extended inquiries in all parts of the nation indicate service being supplied from these sources to more than 2,000 poolrooms at weekly fees running from $300 or $400 each to as high as $800. An average of $500 weekly per station for 2,000 such outlets would point to an annual income of more than $50,000,000. As I have

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indicated in my first article there are probably many more than 2,000 such outlets.

The Federal Communications Commission at a hearing on March 18, 1936, reached the point where it was ready to delve into the national dissemination of racing news by wire. It had before it a large number of informed persons, including officers, counsel, and the president of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, Mr. Walter S. Gifford. Mr. T. G. Miller, a vice president of A. T. & T., testified that the company as of that date was serving two such horse-race services, "the Nationwide News Service and the Interstate News Service, the latter a subsidiary of the former." His evidence indicated that Interstate operated in twenty-three cities in six states, while Nationwide was then functioning in 200 cities in thirty-five states and three provinces of Canada. Mr. Miller testified that between April 1, 1931, and December 1, 1935, these and other sporting news services paid $2,841,071 for wire rentals and that "total revenues of the phone company from horse-racing services now run about $43,000 a month." Mr. Samuel Becker, counsel to the commission, produced records showing that Nationwide then had under lease "11 private long-distance lines, 13 telegraph sending machines, 151 receiving machines, 105 Morse terminals, and 58 telephones." He said, "Nationwide paid the A. T. & T. more than $555,000 for 1935." At no time in the course of the investigation was the telephone company held responsible for the use to which its equipment was put.

Statistics brought out in the investigation showed poolroom service supplied to more than 200 cities, but that means much more than merely 200 customers. A wire service to Fort Wayne, or Nashville, or New Orleans, or any city of more than 15,000 population is directed to a "terminal" where a local employee ties it in through local telephone connections to every account or customer in the community and possibly to outlying suburbs. Andrew W. Kavanaugh, Director of Public Safety for Miami, Florida, testified that his city had 200 poolrooms. This figure for a community of 150,000 normal population substantiates the professional estimates of 800 such places in Chicago, 350 in Kansas City, an equal number in New Orleans, and 1,200 in New York. Each point of "reception" means a weekly toll to the empire that gives to Moses Annenberg an income that would satisfy any captain of American industry.

[*The first section of this article appeared in the last issue of* The Nation *under the title The Billion-Dollar Poolroom Racket.*—EDITORS THE NATION.]

Hope for Refugees

BY ROBERT DELL

Evian-les-Bains, July 15

THE conference on the refugee problem, which concluded its sessions here on July 14, achieved a certain measure of success. No solution of the vast international problem that the representatives of thirty-two countries met to consider issued from the deliberations, no scheme for mass settlement of refugees was formulated, nor was it even possible to obtain from all the governments represented specific undertakings to accept a definite number of refugees in their respective territories; nevertheless a good beginning was made. President Roosevelt secured his main object in convening the conference—the creation of a permanent committee on which the governments of countries able and willing to receive political refugees will collaborate, and which will have an office in a European capital. It is improbable that he expected to secure much more than that in the few days at Evian. Indeed, Myron Taylor's speech at the opening meeting on July 6 showed that he did not.

Although there are already two organizations for dealing with political refugees under the auspices of the League of Nations, President Roosevelt's initiative was fully justified. The Nansen Office, which is nearly as old as the League itself, has done valuable work, but its scope is limited to Armenians and refugees from Russia. Until 1933 the Russians were far more numerous than all the other refugees together, but the others needed help as much as those who fled the Soviet, and they never got any from the League of Nations. The reason was that the governments of the countries from which they came were members of the League and successfully opposed their inclusion in the scope of the Nansen Office. Mussolini's government, in particular, owing to the fact that Italy was a permanent member of the League Council, was able to veto any assistance by the League to Italian refugees.

One of the worst of the many disabilities from which political refugees suffer is their lack of any legal status. Without passports and in many cases without any nationality, they are admitted into a country only on sufferance, if at all, and are liable to be expelled at any moment. They are tossed to and fro across frontiers and when they are sent back to the country from which they have been driven, they are imprisoned for disobeying the

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expulsion order. Some of them spend most of their lives in prison. One of the most shocking incidents in the tragic end of Austria was a case in which hundreds of Austrian refugees, refused admission into Czechoslovakia, were left huddled together on an island between the two countries. The closing of frontiers against Austrian refugees was a crime of which no government claiming to be civilized would have been capable until recently. This problem of documenting political refugees was mentioned by Myron Taylor on July 6 as one of the most important that had to be considered.

In 1933 the League of Nations established a commission for political refugees from Germany. The consent of the German government was obtained with great difficulty and with the proviso that the commission would not be directly an organ of the League and would not have its headquarters in Geneva. It established itself first in Lausanne and afterward in London. The present High Commissioner for German Refugees is Sir Neill Malcolm, who succeeded James G. McDonald. By a recent decision of the League Council, refugees from Austria have been put under his jurisdiction. The provisional arrangement of 1936 and the convention of 1938 provide a legal status for German refugees in those countries that have agreed to them. By a resolution adopted on May 14 of this year, the League Council has decided to propose to the Assembly in September the creation of a single organization for dealing with refugees. This is to take the place of the Nansen Office and the commission for German refugees, and is intended to deal only with the categories of refugees now cared for by these two organizations. For that reason Litvinov abstained from voting on May 14, and it is hoped that when the matter comes before the Assembly an attempt will be made to widen the scope of the organization to include all refugees.

If, as is understood to be the case, President Roosevelt believes that the work of the League of Nations for refugees has been too much hampered in the past by political considerations and may be so hampered in the future, his belief is justified. By restricting the intergovernmental committee to receiving countries he hoped no doubt to avoid the opposition of any of its members to the inclusion of any particular category of refugees, but he reckoned without the British government. The British delegation at Evian strongly opposed the inclusion in the scope of the intergovernmental committee of any refugees other than those from Germany and Austria. The sole reason for this opposition is that Neville Chamberlain fears that the inclusion of Italian refugees would annoy his friend Mussolini. He would not object to the inclusion of all refugees other than Italian, but it was clearly impossible to propose such an exception, so all the others are to be sacrificed to satisfy Il Duce.

The British delegation pretended that the draft resolution which the American, British, and French delegations submitted on July 12 to a private meeting of the conference limited the scope of the intergovernmental committee to German and Austrian refugees, but this was not the case. It is true that the resolution said that the scope of the Evian meeting was limited on this score, but it also said that the permanent intergovernmental committee would "continue and develop" the work begun at Evian. The word "develop" was inserted on the initiative of the American delegation, which held to the declaration that Myron Taylor made on July 6 that the permanent organization should "concern itself with all refugees, wherever governmental intolerance shall have created a refugee problem," and it will raise the question again when the intergovernmental committee meets in London. Taylor proposed to limit the scope of the conference to refugees from Germany and Austria only "for the purposes of this initial meeting, and without wishing to set up a precedent for future meetings." It is to be hoped that President Roosevelt will stand firm on this point. If he does, the opposition of the British government to the inclusion of all refugees will no doubt be overcome with the aid of British public opinion.

The British delegation also objected to the creation of any new international organization for dealing with refugees, and it was necessary to make concessions to overcome this opposition. The concessions, however, are not of great importance. The intergovernmental committee will elect, not an executive committee, but a chairman and four vice chairmen, who will in fact form an executive committee. The director is not to have an office or secretariat, but will have a small staff of expert advisers. The British delegation insists that there will be no new international organization. If it comforts them to think so, nobody need complain. In any case, the director will be a very important person. No doubt he will be the direct representative of President Roosevelt. It will be his task to negotiate with the German government and, if necessary, bring pressure on it, with the view of converting the present chaotic emigration into an orderly one, as the draft resolution puts it.

Myron Taylor's solemn warning to Germany in his speech on July 6 has had an excellent effect in Berlin, and the Evian meeting has made the German government begin to think. The strongest justification of President Roosevelt's initiative is the way in which the League of Nations has tamely and without even a protest accepted the action of the German government in tossing large sections of its population, to quote Myron Taylor, upon a distressed and unprepared world. As Yepes, the Colombian delegate, said, the right of a government to act in this way ought to have been challenged long ago; if it had been, the question of refugees would not now be the terrible problem it is. If President Roosevelt succeeds in bringing the German government to reason,

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he will render an immense service to the world, as well as to the refugees—a service which only he is in a position to render.

The crux of the problem is of course the settlement of the refugees. It cannot be said that most of the declarations made at Evian on that point have been encouraging. All the governments are ready to receive refugees with money, but few are ready to accept any large number without any money. The attitude of Australia—a huge continent with a population smaller than that of London—is one of the worst examples of narrow exclusiveness. The Australian delegate declared that his country wanted only British subjects, and it is prepared to take very few even of them. This is certainly a short-sighted policy. It has been generally assumed by the delegates here that the existence of unemployment is a sufficient reason for discouraging immigration, but that is by no means a self-evident proposition. Many economists would deny it. Evidently some scheme of mass settlement is necessary for the enormous number of Jewish refugees, for they cannot all be absorbed by Palestine, and the place or places for such settlement have to be found. Count Coudenhove-Kalergi has suggested Northern Rhodesia, but I am not in a position to form an opinion as to the practicability of the suggestion.

The American delegation at Evian had no easy task in view of the British attitude and also that of the French. Not that the French delegation objected to the American proposals. The difficulty is that it had had no policy of its own and was so anxious to keep on good terms with both British and American delegations that it tried to support both points of view alternately. The fact that the French government did not send a stronger delegation is the more to be regretted because the record of France in the matter of refugees is a splendid one. No country has had so liberal and generous a policy. Myron Taylor was a great success as head of the American delegation and made an excellent impression. The delegates present at a dinner given by Henri Bérenger were particularly impressed by a quite impromptu speech made by Mr. Taylor in the course of which he is reported to have said that the American government stood for justice and liberty and thought that the time had come to check those who were outraging both. The profound sincerity of his feeling on the question of refugees was patent to everybody.

Einstein in Hollywood

BY GEORGE S. KAUFMAN

Warner Brothers have cabled Sigmund Freud, in London, asking him to come to Hollywood to assist in the preparation of the new Bette Davis picture, Dark Victory.—*News item.*

SIGMUND FREUD had been in Hollywood about a year, and was engaged to marry Merle Oberon, when the studio got another great idea. Louella Parsons broke the story, and her papers gave it a two-column head:

WARNER BROS. TO FILM
THEORY OF RELATIVITY

Prof. Einstein Signed to Write Screen
Treatment of Own Story—Arrives
in Hollywood Next Month

Einstein's arrival in Hollywood, of course, was the signal for a gay round of dinners and cocktail parties. The Basil Rathbones, who had given a party in Freud's honor to which everyone came as his favorite neurosis, gave one for Einstein in which the guests were got up as their favorite numbers. Needless to say, there were some pretty hot numbers.

The climax, however, was a dinner at the Trocadero, given by the film colony as a whole, at which Will H. Hays was the principal speaker. "The signing of Professor Einstein for pictures," said Mr. Hays, "is the greatest forward step that the industry has ever taken. American motion pictures appeal to people all over the world. I will be happy to okay Professor Einstein's contract just as soon as we get permission from Germany."

Next morning, on the Warner lot, Professor Einstein was assigned an office in the writers' building and a stenographer named Goldie. Promptly at twelve o'clock he was summoned to a conference. The producer received him with a flourish.

"Professor," he said, "allow me to introduce Sol Bergen and Al Jenkins, who are going to work with you on the picture. Now, I've been thinking this thing over, and we want this to be absolutely *your* picture. What you say goes. But of course we all want a hit, and I'm sure you're willing to play ball with us. Now, I've got some great news for you. I've decided to put Joan Blondell in it."

Sol Bergen let out a war whoop. "Gee, Boss, that's great. Her name alone will put it over."

"I want the Professor to have the best," said the producer, "because I'm sure he's going to give us a great

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picture. Now, Professor, here's the problem: how can we treat this theory of yours so as to keep it just as you wrote it—because this has got to be *your* picture—and still make it entertainment? Because first and foremost a motion picture has got to be entertainment. But of course we want your theory in it too."

"I'm not sure that I've got the Professor's theory exactly straight," said Al Jenkins. "Would you mind, Professor, giving me just a quick summary of it, in a sort of non-technical way?"

"I don't think we have to bother the Professor about that," said the producer. "I've been thinking it over, and I've got a great way to work it in. And here it is." He leaned back and looked at them. "The scene is a college where they *teach* this theory of the Professor's. Only it's a very *tough* theory, and there's never been a *girl* that's been able to understand it. Of course it's a co-ed college. And finally along comes a girl, attractive, of course, and says, '*I* am going to understand it.' "

"Blondell!" said Sol Bergen.

"Right!" said the producer. "So she pitches in and goes to work. She won't go to parties or dances or anything, and she wears horn-rimmed glasses, and the boys think she's a grind and hasn't got any sex appeal. Underneath, of course, she's a regular girl."

"There's got to be one guy in particular that falls for her," said Jenkins.

"Sure!" said the producer, "and I'll tell you who'd be great in the part. Wayne Morris. How's that, Professor? How'd you like to have Wayne Morris in your picture?"

"Let's make him the captain of the football team," said Bergen. "It'll give us a great finale."

"Fine!" said the producer. "Now, Blondell has got a girl friend that goes to college with her, only she's a different type. Flighty, and never does any studying, but a smart little kid when it comes to handling the boys. Knows 'em from A to Z. Now, there's a millionaire, an old grad that's just presented the college with a stadium, and his son is going to the college. Lots of money, and a racing car, and this kid sets her cap for him. We could have a crack-up on his way back from the roadhouse."

"Or else he could lead the college band," said Bergen. "That way you get your music in."

"Great! And we have a kid playing the girl that can handle a couple of numbers. Here's an idea, Professor. How about Warren and Dubin for the score? How would you like that, huh?"

"And how's this?" asked Jenkins. "She has another girl friend that sort of likes the older boys—with dough, see? And she sets out after the rich father."

"I've got it!" said the producer. "I've got the title! 'Gold Diggers at College.' Yes, sir, 'Gold Diggers at College,' by Albert Einstein, Sol Bergen, and Al Jenkins, based on the Theory of Relativity, by Albert Einstein. Professor, you've done a great picture!"

In the Wind

SPURRED BY anxiety for a better "press" in the United States, the British Foreign Office has quietly instituted a daily press conference—for Americans only. Correspondents are received by Rex Lepper, chief press officer, who has been virtually inaccessible in the past. The arrangement is supposed to be secret—nothing revealed at the sessions can be quoted or even linked to an "official spokesman"—but it gives the American pressmen facilities often better than those afforded the British.

TO VICE PRESIDENT Garner a private meeting that took place in Seattle recently should be of interest. The speaker was Roy Zachery, chief of the Silver Shirts; he told his cohorts that "Jack Garner is a real man and if he were in the White House, certain big Jews would be fleeing across the border within twenty-four hours."

RELIGIOUS NOTE: French building firms have recently received letters from right-wing sympathizers announcing that French capitalists are proposing to contribute to the rebuilding of Spanish churches. The letters assert that "a German diplomat who visited Spain declares that there is enough work to last fifty years." They also disclose that an Italo-Spanish syndicate has been formed to prepare plans for repair of the churches. For all capital invested in the restoration of the churches, French capitalists are promised a 20 per cent profit—if they set up limited companies with headquarters in Insurgent Spain.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST ran a blurb about Charles R. Hook, president of American Rolling Mill and a member of the President's labor commission to Britain. The *Post* lauded his labor record and berated the C. I. O. for summoning his firm to an NLRB hearing. In his testimony before the La Follette committee, public-relations man Donald Knowlton disclosed that six firms had contributed $75,000 for anti-labor publicity. One of them was American Rolling Mill.

INFLUENTIAL PITTSBURGH business men and women have started a "stockholders revolt" to prevent Pittsburgh corporations from sending shipments to Japan. The move was launched at a meeting at the Yale-Harvard-Princeton club sponsored by the "Boycott Japan" committee; the plan is to circulate petitions among stockholders to force abandonment of Japanese sales.

FROM *BOX-OFFICE,* the moving-picture trade journal:

> BERLIN—"Inside Democratic America, 1938," will not be shown in German theaters. Condemned by Minister of Propaganda Goebbels as "liberal propaganda." The reel shows an American eating butter and two workmen smiling. "Subversive," says Goebbels.

[*We invite our readers to submit material for In the Wind —either clippings with source and date or stories that can be clearly authenticated. A prize of $5 will be awarded each month for the best item.*—EDITORS THE NATION.]

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Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

IN a war-torn, depression-mad world, important things are often overlooked. This is the thought with which I excuse to myself my not having learned until lately of a tremendously promising happening in our own country. The men's shops in the great cities are showing a new kind of sport shirt—to be worn *outside and over the trousers!* Perhaps the reader does not catch the vital significance of this. It is that at last a conscious effort is being made by those who control our sartorial destinies to overthrow a prejudice inbred in Americans since long before the days when we wrested our liberties from hireling Hessians and ruthless Redcoats. As long as there have been white settlements in America, we have had nothing but contempt—or worse—for those benighted men who wear their shirt-tails outside their trousers, once known as pants. That was a badge of inferiority to which no self-respecting freeman would lower himself.

Why have we despised and feared the heathen Chinese? Chiefly for this very reason. He did not know enough to know that the place for the shirt-tails is within your trousers, behind a belt or below suspenders. That is the fundamental of all decency and respectability. You are either a worthy member of the human family or not, and your shirt-tails are the—well, if not the acid, at least the surest—test of your belonging or not belonging to the society of civilized humans. As to that there could be no dispute at all, so the American citizen for generations has sweltered in summer in obedience to the dictates of this cast-iron requirement of fashion and decency, until now. Today subversive elements are, it appears, at work not to submerge but to liberate the shirt-tail. Plainly this is an entering wedge for the introduction of the Russian blouse, and we believe that every patriotic American, especially if he or she had ancestors in the Revolution, will arise in his or her wrath to protect our country's shirt-tails. The evidence is complete. Near-pinks like myself have been to Russia and come back converted to the blouse for men. We insist that it is cool, sensible, economical, and extremely becoming to men free from superfluous fat. It does away with suspenders, vests, coats, and collars, and leaves one entirely presentable. It even brings back colors into the garb of man, something that untold generations have fruitlessly hoped for.

To this the patriotic reply is that that is all very well, but that the real purpose of making all American men cool and comfortable in this way in summer is to undermine their resistance to bolshevism and to render them more than anti-religious, especially on summer Sundays. The insidious workings of this propaganda move are plain. You like your Russian blouse? Yes, that's fine. Then you think better of the Soviets, don't you, for sticking to as sensible and rational an article of wear as this? Well, now let us assure you that there are other fine things about Moscow, too. You don't have to bother with a bathing suit. You can't profiteer, and, by the way, you can't exploit the people, or grind down the working man—and there you are. There you are at the undermining of our American institutions. So let us call a halt at once. Americans must and shall be free—but not to expose their shirt-tails. That would not be liberty but license, and as every good patriot knows there *is* a point at which liberty degenerates into license.

Well, it is the women who can sit back and laugh at this dilemma. Was there ever such a reversal of custom in all history as has taken place in the attire of women? Queen Elizabeth is supposed to have worn sixteen starched skirts at one time, perhaps as a defense for the Virgin Queen. The women of my boyhood were certainly badly off. Their bathing suits comprised long stockings, bloomers below the knees, a tight blouse with long sleeves over a stout bathing corset, and the heavy woolen skirt was actually weighted down with pieces of lead so that it would not float upward on entering the water. The victim was then ready to drown. Today with her shorts, her bare legs, and backless sun dresses, woman has wisely turned the tables completely on man who so long subjected her to such sartorial tortures. One sees along the roadside men at work bare above the waist, and fortunately the bathing shirt for men has gone for good. Still, the thraldom of men to their conventional clothes continues. They are the heavily clothed. Years ago, Madge Blair Barnwell started a crusade to rescue men—in vain. She declared that "the lists of prostrations and deaths from heat in the summer show men are the victims, and seldom women." "Men," she insisted, "should wear blouses made of lawn, voile, silk, dimity, organdie, etc., with low sailor or round collars." That's going pretty far—beyond the serviceable. The Russian blouse of linen with its lovely colors is the cure-all. I am praying that I shall live long enough to see it universally adopted. Let us hope that the new sport shirt over the trousers means that redemption is at hand.

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BOOKS *and the* ARTS

No Room for a Rebel?

MY LIFE AS A REBEL. By Angelica Balabanoff. Harper and Brothers. $3.75.

HAVE people like Angelica Balabanoff, the author of "My Life as a Rebel," a place in the revolutionary labor movement? Do kindness, sentiment, and a religious devotion to the cause of the proletariat hamper the ruthless struggle of class against class for political and economic power? Is there room in the proletarian state for the "rebels" who helped to create it? The answers to these questions each reader of this autobiography will have to find for himself.

To those who know its author only from her reputation as a tireless worker and fighter for working-class liberation, this book will be a revelation. Somehow one expects a woman to be made of sterner stuff who spurned the comforts of a middle-class Russian home, who spent three-quarters of her life in exile rather than bow to autocracy and dictatorship, who was the associate of Mussolini up to the beginning of the World War and of Lenin in the first years of the Russian Revolution, to whom want and deprivation were the price one paid, and paid proudly, for the joy of working for an ideal.

Angelica Balabanoff was born near Kiev into a well-to-do, cultivated bourgeois family. Since young women of her day were excluded from Russian universities, she studied in Zurich, in Brussels, in Berlin, and in Leipzig, and finally completed work on the dissertation for her doctor's degree in the British Museum. Wherever she went she came in contact with Russian exiles, among them Krupskaya, Plekhanov, Lenin, and many others—leaders of Europe's up and coming labor movement.

Her peculiar ability as a linguist—she writes and speaks seven languages—made her especially valuable in Switzerland, which had become a haven for political refugees from every part of Europe. Since she could address meetings in French, German, English, Italian, Russian, Spanish, and Polish with equal fluency she soon became one of the best-known speakers in that polyglot country. It was at a meeting arranged by the Italian Socialists in Lausanne that she first noticed the man who was to play an important part in her later life.

> He was a young man [she writes] and his agitated manner and unkempt clothes set him apart from the other workers in the hall. The émigré audiences were always poorly dressed but this man was extremely dirty. I had never seen a more wretched-looking human being. In spite of his large jaw, the bitterness and restlessness in his black eyes, he gave the impression of extreme timidity. Even as he listened, his nervous hands clutching at his big black hat, he seemed more concerned with his own inner turmoil than with what I was saying.

She learned that the stranger was a refugee from military service in Italy and had been introduced by one of the members who knew him as the son of a Socialist in Romagna. It did not take her long to discover that he was a youth of more than ordinary ability. With the patience that has always been one of her outstanding qualities, she nursed the broken-spirited young man back to mental health and usefulness. It is true her Swiss comrades were not particularly delighted with this new recruit. His terroristic speeches and methods were a discordant note in the Social Democracy of those days, and one imagines that there was secret relief when he finally returned to his Italian home town, Forli in Romagna, to become the editor of a small Socialist newspaper *Lotta di Classe (Class Struggle)* there, after several Swiss cantons had rid themselves of his unwelcome presence.

Excerpts from these early writings show that the bloody Duce lived, even then, in the shabby garments and muddled enthusiasms of this young rebel. One of the most interesting portions of the book is the part which deals with Mussolini's break with, and expulsion from, the Socialist Party in 1915, and his activities up to and during the first years of fascist rule. Angelica Balabanoff, who emigrated to Italy before the war, became associate editor with Mussolini of the Italian *Avanti* and enjoyed great popularity there until Mussolini's defection and Italy's entry into the conflict on the side of the Allies put a temporary end to her activities. Italy was the first real home she had ever had, and to this day she calls the Italian workers "my people."

She returned to Switzerland, where a small group of anti-war Socialists were trying to reconstruct the shattered remnants of their International. They made her secretary of the Zimmerwald and Kienthal Conferences (1915-1916), the first organized attempts to bring the Socialist minorities of Europe together on an anti-war program. In this capacity she not only acted as interpreter but also directed such preparatory work as the drawing up of theses and proclamations.

When the Russian Revolution came she was in Zurich. She was one of that famous group, including Lenin, Radek, and Zinoviev, that returned to Russia by way of Germany. The glory of that return, the gradual destruction of her high hopes, the deepening disillusionment, her departure from the Soviet Union and from her post as first secretary of the Third (Communist) International, and finally her efforts to find her place in the world labor movement while she eked out a bare existence as teacher of languages in Vienna and in Paris—these make up the second part of this moving story. There are dozens of books dealing with the early years of the Soviet Union, but one phase of that historic period has never found a historian—the story of the inside workings of the Third International and its direction of the "world revolution" in those dynamic years.

Those who have followed the Trotsky-Stalin controversy will be interested in her evaluation of the characters of this drama. Of the leaders of revolutionary Russia, Lenin appeared to her much the greater man, yet she discloses his human frailties with a woman's canny insight. Her picture of Trotsky may not entirely please his devoted admirers, but it is impartial and condemns the injustice that led to his

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banishment. Her disdain of Zinoviev is second only to that she feels for Mussolini, yet him, too, she defends against Stalin's charges.

The outstanding characteristic of the whole book is its author's naive charity toward the weaknesses and failings of her associates and an equally astounding frankness in discussing her own shortcomings. "My Life as a Rebel" is a great book that should, and, I do not doubt, will be read by many thousands of the men and women looking for truth and enlightenment. They will find in it not only the history of an important period of our times but also the life story of one of the finest human beings I have had the good fortune to meet.

LUDWIG LORE

Dickens—in the Flat

CHARLES DICKENS. THE PROGRESS OF A RADICAL. By T. A. Jackson. International Publishers. $2.25.

MR. JACKSON'S thesis is that Dickens was a frustrated revolutionary. "Dickens's radicalism . . . stiffened, hardened, and deepened into something that with a little outside aid might easily have emerged as positive socialism or communism." There is a value in such a thesis, for the critical line on Dickens, basing itself on the "eccentricity" of his creations, has often stressed his powers of imagination above his realism. In the pleasure of a unique entertainment we may lose sight of the Dickens who was a bitter commentator—perhaps the only Victorian novelist to be compared in the vigor of his attacks on social evils with such a writer as Zola. Mr. Jackson's book reminds us of this, brings in some interesting personal utterances of Dickens on his England, and compels our fresh interest and admiration for this part of Dickens's work. And relating the work with the historical events which lie behind it, Mr. Jackson presents a fine study in violence as he traces the industrial functioning of Victorian virtue. It is indeed a strange comment on our nineteenth-century writers that so polite a literature should express such a barbarous social arrangement; perhaps now we are compensating.

Mr. Jackson's study has these merits, and it is unfortunate he will not rest with them. In an excess of zeal he is not content with explaining what is obviously a large part of Dickens. Like the daring Oliver Twist himself he "wants some more." Mr. Jackson arrives at his larger destination via an intellectual one-way thoroughfare. Discussing evidence which might lead to a variety of conclusions, Mr. Jackson always concludes that Dickens is always a revolutionary. Does the fact that Dickens attacked the tyranny of Victorian parents necessarily imply that he stood for the destruction of the bourgeois institution of the family? Parents can be educated as well as abolished. Reading a specific brand of political faith into an author's work, and especially reading it backward into history, is a dangerous activity. Samuel Butler also attacked the bourgeois family, and Butler, as we know, was a political conservative. D. H. Lawrence is communist or fascist depending on which part of his thought you wish to use. Mr. Jackson again attributes the growing bitterness of Dickens to his realization that the only remedy for Victorian social evils was "complete social revolution," and this at that time seemed unattainable. But Mr. Jackson does not mention the other possible causes of this bitterness—the financial troubles, the domestic relationship, the continual fears, as Dickens tells us, of "failing health or failing popularity," the recurrent sense of being "sick, bothered, and depressed" which we must attribute to psychic and physical illness in Dickens as well as in his age.

And Mr. Jackson sometimes swallows his gnats as well as his camel. Dickens created his characters "in the flat," he says, not for the reasons given by the pseudo-analytical psychologists, but because the "constitution of society had flattened them, past repair." Yet we can after all accept such imperfections in a critic's work because of its larger value. My real complaint is that Mr. Jackson himself creates in the flat. Giving evidence of good scholarship, he unhappily restricts his imagination and intelligence to the pursuit of a logical abstraction. Such reticent and conventional biographers as Forster and Ralph Straus, and even Mr. Chesterton with his plague of paradoxes, are closer to the truth than Mr. Jackson. Relating the Victorian times so well to Dickens's work, he does not relate to it the Victorian life of Dickens himself and the personal conflicts it engendered. If he had done this, if he had treated the conventional as well as the rebellious part of Dickens, the sanctities he espoused as well as the abuses he opposed, Mr. Jackson would have had an incomplete radical rather than a complete revolutionary. But he would have given us a more valuable study.

MAXWELL GEISMAR

Seventh Avenue

BY MURIEL RUKEYSER

This is the cripples' hour on Seventh Avenue
when they emerge, the two o'clock night-walkers,
the cane, the crutch, and the black suit.

Oblique early mirages send the eyes:
light dramatized in puddles, the animal glare
that makes indignity, makes the brute.

Not enough effort in the sky for morning.
No color, pantomime of blackness, landscape
where the third layer back is always phantom.

Here come the fat man, the attractive dog-chested
legless—and the wounded infirm king
with nobody to use him as a saint.

Now they parade in the dark, the cripples' hour
to the drugstore, the bar, the newspaper stand,
past kissing shadows on a windowshade to

colors of alcohol, reflectors, light.
So fancy O God fancy when all that's wished
is the straight simple look:

the look to set this avenue in its colors—
two o'clock on a black street instead of
wounds, mysteries, fables, kings
in a kingdom of cripples.

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Poet, Hunter, and King

JAMES I OF ENGLAND, THE WISEST FOOL IN CHRISTENDOM. By Clara and Hardy Steeholm. Covici-Friede. $3.75.

THE spirit of Clara and Hardy Steeholm's study of James I may be gauged by their apparent agreement with the author of the blurb. The latter's statement that it is "almost unbelievable that there has appeared no full modern biography" of James is confirmed by the authors through their failure to list in their bibliography "James I" by Charles Williams (1934) and "King James I" by Hugh R. Williamson (1936).

In simple fact the book is a historical novel with James as hero and the events of his life, in chronological sequence, as plot. The reader feels that had the authors realized this fact they would have produced a better book. In passages of simple narrative, such as the account of James's progress to England, and in dramatic scenes embellished with vivid conversation they offer genuine entertainment. The psychological method used in the interpretation of motives and deeds gives occasional vitality to the personality of James, and makes him a credible character of historical fiction. The very qualities that make the volume a readable novel, however, render it unsuitable for consideration as a scholarly work of history or biography. The clairvoyancy the authors show in giving the reader James's thoughts on his deathbed, and the accuracy with which they report the conversation between the King and Bothwell when the latter and his followers invaded the King's bedchamber with drawn swords, hardly give a sense of historical substance. Moreover, the characterizations of important personages are uncritical, sometimes to an amazing degree. Mary receives the benefit of every historical doubt, and the puzzles concerning her character and her actions are dismissed casually; Elizabeth is a monster of deceit and treachery, and once is contemptuously called "the barren Virgin Queen" (if she was barren her virginity was academic, and if she was a virgin the matter of her sterility is hardly of record!); John Knox is called "the prodigiously venomous Knox" and "the most cantankerous zealot who ever stirred up religious intolerance"; the Presbyterians in general appear invariably as bigots with no equal emphasis on the intolerance in other religious groups; the witch-hunting of James and other unenlightened activities of the period are the subject of naive observations on the state of civilization and culture in Elizabethan and Jacobean times, observations that reveal no thorough understanding of the interplay between the new learning and surviving elements of mediaevalism; Shakespeare is ostentatiously mentioned as an important background figure but the references to him are of dubious value, particularly when he is mentioned as the author of a Playe of Robin Goodefellow, and when Tycho Brahe is portrayed as the prototype of Prospero (the passage used to show this relationship derived its imagery from the stage settings of the masques as Allardyce Nicoll indicates in his recent study); and finally theological debates on matters of ritual which occupied some of the great intellects of the day are referred to as "nothing short of absurd."

Uncritical and naive comments jostle inaccuracies of fact. Darnley is called "His Grace the King"; he was never king, and if he had been he would not have been styled his grace. George Gascoigne is called "the Frenchman"; he was born in England of a family that had been English for generations. The statement is made that Elizabeth gave Queen Anne "a clock . . . a horologe, and a tablet and chain," apparently in ignorance of the fact that a clock and a horologe are the same thing. It is stated that James "appears to have known nothing" of Donne when, as a matter of fact, James caused Donne to become a priest and appointed him Dean of St. Paul's. James is said to have forecast the idea of a league of nations and of economic sanctions merely because he attempted to create an offensive alliance designed to force Spain out of Bohemia and the Palatinate.

Francis Bacon, who is mentioned too seldom in this volume, would have used his teeth on it less for chewing than for gnashing.

DONALD A. ROBERTS

The Noble Savage

THE BRIDGE IN THE JUNGLE. By B. Traven. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

JUNGLEFOLK—their attitude toward life, their warm and simple humanity—have an irresistible attraction for B. Traven, and in this novel he sketches an incident which reveals them at their best. The narrator, wandering through some southern republic (the place is never actually named, but the reader may imagine Mexico), comes upon an Indian village in the heart of a jungle and takes part in a native festival. During this festival a child disappears. The natives rally to the support of the grief-stricken mother, the men organizing searching parties, the women tendering consolation. Hours afterward the child's body is fished from a stagnant river and placed in the mother's arms. The narrator is invited to the funeral, at which the musicians play, not religious hymns or savage melodies, but such specimens of American jazz as *Taintgonnarainnomore* and *Yeswehavenobananas*. Mr. Traven points to these and other banalities from the white man's world which have found their way into this remote region as so many evidences of the fact that our corrupt society has done no more for these people than load its rubbish upon them—in the midst of which, however, they retain all their native innocence. Sanitary laws are unknown; dwelling-places lack every modern convenience; modern business methods and modern systems of government alike have failed to penetrate this Eden. Yet the womenfolk attend the child's funeral in job-lot dresses manufactured in New York sweatshops, and both the men and the women march to the songs of Tin Pan Alley. And what one remembers of them are the flowers in their hair, their grief and their laughter, and their exquisite politeness, which derives not from man-made rules of etiquette but from the natural impulses of the heart.

It is through his genuine feeling for these people, plus a style which is compounded of economy of phrasing and a certain lyric quality, that Mr. Traven is able to develop the tragic possibilities of his major theme. The mother's grief, rising to a crescendo of rage and hysteria or subsiding into that fatalistic acceptance of death which is characteristic of

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her race, is rendered with a degree of insight which does credit both to the author's knowledge of female nature and to his understanding of the savage temperament. Yet there is perhaps too much detachment in Mr. Traven's approach to this subject: he remains at all times the intelligent traveler, with an eye to see and a story to tell, a story which, for all its tragic implications and the skill with which he evokes them, somehow fails to move the reader as it should.

HELEN NEVILLE

Safe Water

MARK TWAIN: A PORTRAIT. By Edgar Lee Masters. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.75.

STALKING into the stormy region that is recent Mark Twain interpretation—straight past DeVoto, Brooks, Parrington, Lewisohn, Grattan, Van Doren, et al.—comes Edgar Lee Masters with determination in his eye and a bludgeon under his arm. He opens his study in the conventional biography manner, but after several flimsy chapters on Twain's early life abandons this, takes to his bludgeon, and in a series of fulminant attacks charges that Mark turned his back on his own genius and instead of becoming the great satirist for which the corruption and hypocrisy of his age cried out became its clown; that he may have hated cruelty and superstition but never rose to momentous issues or large moral devotions; that he made fun of small frauds and petty cheats while playing ball with the most rapacious forces that gutted America after the Civil War; that several of his most famous characters are simply outrageous travesties on human nature; and that he chose his pseudonym with fatal accuracy, for "mark twain" means safe water.

Masters, in short, criticizes Twain because he was not a Swift, a Voltaire, or a Balzac. Although this may sound at first like the superfluous kind of criticism which complains of Swinburne that he was not Hardy, it is in this case validated by the fact that Twain's reputation as social critic and mirror of his times has been advancing in certain quarters at a dangerous pace. So aggressive, however, does Masters's attack become that it finally betrays him into asserting that because Twain never attained social satire his writings are "pure nonsense"—even as if pure nonsense were not one of the things that made Twain's reputation in the first place.

In the final analysis, however, any set of criteria which calls a writer to account for social blindness is, to my mind, vital; and although Masters may pursue his point almost fanatically, provide little or no documentation, and use a style that bounces bewilderingly from the slipshod to the eloquent, his approach is sharp with challenge and tonic in its demand for social conscience.

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Shorter Notices

LITERATURE AS EXPLORATION. By Louise M. Rosenblatt. A Publication of the Progressive Education Association. D. Appleton-Century Company. $2.25.

If education, as Pope remarked, forms the common mind—"Just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclined"—it is a strange matter that in a nation which has so much schooling, the effects of it should be so little noticeable. "Literature as Exploration" indicates where the trouble lies in the teaching of secondary-school and college literature. Miss Rosenblatt examines our faulty educational procedures, she clarifies the relation between the sciences and the arts, she discusses the social influences and psychological stresses of the adolescent student. Some educators in their desire to be profound become only polysyllabic. Miss Rosenblatt is intelligent as well as learned. Although her book is an argument for the progressive teaching of literature, she combines the more valid objectives of both progressive and formal education. She wants to adjust the complexities of literature to the student, but she wants also to adjust the student to the complexities of modern life. "Literature as Exploration" is a valuable text for teachers who are interested in their craft, and for those who are concerned with the problems and directions of education in a democracy.

SIGNING OFF. By John T. McIntyre. Farrar and Rinehart. $2.50.

In his own language, McIntyre is no literary tyro, he knows his way around the craft, and he has contacts at some spiritual City Hall. Although the Tough School has something in its favor as an indigenous art form, its novels are usually as sensational and slick as their heroes. In his present book, however, Mr. McIntyre puts his violence to work. Tying the love story of the racketeer Sam and the devout Jane Dolan to an eloquent discussion of the church in a period of social crisis, he creates a novel that is thoughtful as well as turbulent. As a popular tale "Signing Off" is less effective than "Steps Going Down"; as a panoramic novel of streamlined gangsterism and religious aspirations it introduces more than it can cope with, but for all that, it is worth your attention. Mr. McIntyre is not indulging in bigger and better sensations. In picturesque language, with a good satiric sense of human eccentricity, with a sense of social justice that, however much it condemns the church, draws its inspiration from it, he is elaborating a valid documentation of the poor and the corrupt. Through the exploits of punks and sagas of bird-houses he is in fact analyzing the values of a materialistic society. If Mr. McIntyre develops this at greater length, he will be using the hard-boiled novel more fruitfully than his fellow delineators of the rape and the ride. Kick him in the guts—but why do you have to?

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THE NATION, 20 Vesey St., New York. Price, 15 cents a copy. By subscription—Domestic: One year $5; Two years $8; Three years $11. Additional Postage per year: Foreign, $1; Canadian, 50 cents. The Nation is indexed in Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature, Book Review Digest, Dramatic Index, Index to Labor Periodicals, Public Affairs Information Service. Three weeks' notice and the old address as well as the new are required for change of address.

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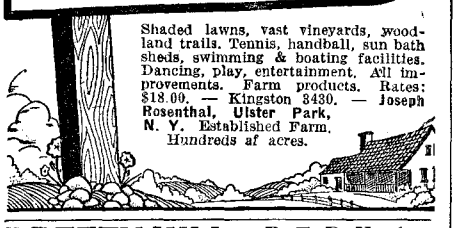
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RECORDS

EVER since it was announced I have been looking forward to the Columbia set of Mozart's exquisite Symphony K. 201 (three records, $5), only to be appalled, when it arrived, by what the work is made to sound like in Beecham's perversely slow and ponderous performance with the London Philharmonic. The recording of the symphony is excellent.

Nor is this the only disappointment. Victor offers one of the great symphonies of Mozart's last years—the Symphony K. 504, known as the "Prague" (three records, $5)—in an excellent performance by Bruno Walter with the Vienna Philharmonic, but one that is recorded with excessive reverberation and with lack of clarity—the older H. M. V. recording of the Kleiber performance being much better in both respects. And the new Victor set of Haydn's Symphony No. 88 (three records, $6.50) gives us what is—from general outline and character—recognizably a Toscanini performance, but a Toscanini performance without the miraculous subtleties of inflection and coloring in the "Semiramide" recording, since the N. B. C. Orchestra is not the instrument in his hands that the Philharmonic-Symphony was; and a Toscanini performance made to sound very harsh by the way it was recorded.

Another Victor set offers a superb performance, by Casals with the Czech Philharmonic under Szell, of Dvorak's 'Cello Concerto (five records, $10), a work which I do not find as good as the "New World" Symphony or the "American" Quartet. And on single records Lotte Lehmann sings "Drink to Me Only With Thine Eyes" very beautifully, with Gretchaninov's "My Native Land" and a bit of inanity called "Midsummer" by Amy Worth on the reverse side ($1.50); while Arthur Rubinstein does a good job with Brahms's Rhapsody, Opus 76, No. 2, and Schumann's Romance, Opus 28, No. 2 ($2).

From Columbia we get on a single disc Beethoven's "Egmont" Overture in a powerful performance by Weingartner with the Vienna Philharmonic that is well recorded ($1.50); the charming String Quartet, Opus 6, No. 1, of Boccherini, well played by the Poltronieri Quartet (two records, $3.25); Tartini's "Devil's Trill" Sonata, which I think only a violinist would care about, very well done by Milstein (two records, $3.25); Liszt's Ballade in B minor, which I think only a pianist would care about, brilliantly played by Louis Kentner (two records, $3.25); an album of American songs (four records, $4.50), some of them very enjoyable, and for once enjoyably sung by the Madrigal Singers under Lehman Engel; and on another single ($1.50), a selection of music from the Rossini-Respighi "Boutique Fantasque," well played by the London Philharmonic under Goehr, and well recorded. I must add that on my records of "Egmont" and "Boutique Fantasque" the sound becomes unbearably gritty as the needle approaches the ends of the sides (this is true of some of the sides in the set of the Mozart Symphony K. 201); and that on the other hand my records of the Tartini Sonata are free of this affliction, but the first three sides are extremely noisy. Since the records vary in these respects, different pressings of the same work probably vary also.

The National Council of Teachers of English has issued a record ($1.50) of Vachel Lindsay's reading of "The Congo," which may be obtained from Miss Eleanor Boykin, 246 Waverley Place. The recording is clear; as for the reading, it is Lindsay's, and I do not feel qualified to dispute it with him. Under the council's auspices Erpi Classroom Films, 35-11 Thirty-fifth Avenue, Long Island City, N. Y., has issued records ($2.50 each) made by Gertrude Stein and Robert Frost. The Frost records are extremely clear; Miss Stein's will be clear enough for someone who knows the texts she is reading.

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